

THE BLUE WOLF

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WHAT THIS STORY IS ABOUT

Then the Blue Wolf sent its shuddering howl from the depths of the Cypress Hills; it was a prophecy of tragedy—so said the Indians. A group of young men become entangled in this weird mystery which, at one time, seems impenetrable.

"Blue Pete: Half-Breed" proved conclusively that Luke Allan can tell a story of gripping interest, thrilling the reader until the last page.

In the Blue Wolf there are Mounted Police (the most wonderful force in the World), cowboys and ranchers; but, above all, there is romance. There is also the Blue Wolf itself, whose howl inspires its hearers with terror.

OTHER BOOKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

BLUE PETE: HALF-BREED - -	2s. 6d. net.
THE RETURN OF BLUE PETE -	7s. 6d. net
THE LONE TRAIL - - - -	2s. 6d. net.

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FOREWORD.

AFTER some years' experience of hill shooting in Kashmir and the Himalayas, and perusal of many bulky books by famous writers on the sport in these regions, the author has felt constrained to present the fruits of his actual experiences in these fields to discerning sportsmen. While endeavouring to eschew the obvious, he does not make any claim to new ideas or advice, but claims that a few of the points mentioned—which in his opinion are of some importance—are not to be found in any of the above-mentioned bulky books, which by reason of their very bulkiness cannot be included in the sportsman's modest kit, and referred to on the

ground itself. This fault at least cannot be urged against the present booklet.

Most volumes on hill shooting are filled with a jargon of routes and maps (out of date as a rule), and turgid descriptions of nullahs, dâk bungalows, localities and what can be obtained there, with diary extracts which may be sometimes interesting but are of no actual use to the sportsman, as no two stalks after game ever resemble each other in the essential details. All this information being quite superfluous and misleading generally, as these things change greatly every year and season, and what holds good this year by no means does so necessarily next year. The only way is to go yourself and find out and see with your own eyes. The author, of course, only refers to the more or less beaten track of Kashmir, Ladakh, Baltistan, Chamba and Lahoul, practically no corners of which are

unexplored nowadays for sporting purposes.

Some writers have the audacity, one might almost say mendacity, to give descriptions of places they have never seen, and to specify the sport to be obtained there, of which they have knowledge simply and solely by hearsay and other sportsmen's descriptions. The long-suffering reader thus gets it third or perhaps fourth hand and benefits accordingly. They give the sportsman long-winded descriptions of what routes to take, what game to shoot—all common knowledge nowadays—what rifles are necessary, descriptions being generally given of whatever happens to be their old pet rifle quite obsolete as a sporting weapon at the present day (1913), and what nullahs to shoot in; they tell him all this, but do not tell him what to do when he actually gets on to the shooting ground. In the words of

the immortal M. F. H. "They cut 'im down, but *don't* 'ang 'im up to dry." The last page or two only of the above-mentioned volumes generally contain "Hints to Sportsmen" and "Hints on Camp Equipment," which are generally the sole points, of course, on which the sportsman wants information, and which he closely peruses. This booklet claims to be composed only of these two items, which are after all the essential ones.

Government survey maps, 4 miles to the inch, can be obtained for every district and are accurate enough for all purposes; every man having made up his mind where to go, generally on some personal friend's recommendation, starts off, and the rest depends on himself. All shikaris nowadays—and it is presumed that the sportsman will not go shooting without such an indispensable servant—know the best localities for game and the quickest

route there (they are on the ground every year probably), their knowledge is up-to-date, and you must be guided by them as to what nullah to try if you do not know the locality yourself. This is sound as every shikari naturally wants to get as big a bag as possible for his own reputation's sake, and can be depended on to show you the best places. Reading descriptions of various nullahs and districts with a view to obtaining information as to which is most likely to show the best sport, is simply waste of time, so don't indulge in it. Go yourself and find out and see for yourself.

For Kashmir, Ladakh, and Bal-tistan, Srinagar will be your usual base where you can procure or hire every possible thing you may want. In Srinagar always go and see the Secretary of the Game Preservation Department, a British Officer, who is most helpful and

will give you good advice. For Chamba and Lahoul, Chamba is the base, where H. H. The Raja Bhuri Singh will be found the essence of kindness and hospitality, and he will do everything in his power to help sportsmen. At this latter place you can only procure stores, all your camp kit you must bring with you. Ladakh may be also reached through Kulu and Lahoul over the Rotung and Bara-Larcha passes, both easy and open early and many sportsmen go this way for *ovis ammon*.

Similarly 'stores' are not touched on: it is presumed that you are not 'quite a fool' and that you know your own tastes, and enough of housekeeping to be able to detail your wants to the merchant who will supply you.

The list of shooting necessities also is given as a guide only. Some of the articles mentioned may be deemed

superfluous, but experience will show them all exceedingly useful without exception, but every man must discriminate for himself. It is obviously impertinent to advise sportsmen as to expense : one man likes to be very luxurious and take 25 coolies, another moderately so and take 18, and so on down the scale to the gentleman described later with two brown blankets and a waterproof sheet only. Normally your loads should be about 12 in number including everything.

With these few words the author begs to introduce his hints to sportsmen who intend to go shooting in the Himalayas, and feels (though conscious of the plagiarism) that if one individual only benefits by them his labour will not have been in vain.

LIST OF NECESSARIES.

- Metal tape measure to 5 or 6 feet.
- Small axe, with pick-axe attachment at back for trenching, etc.
- Soap for washing clothes.
- Pocket case of handy tools, including a small file.
- A few pieces of wire for odd purposes.
- A length of strong but light rope.
- X Table cloths and napkins.
- Good writing paper and envelopes.
- Book for diary.
- Good field glasses.
- Spring balance up to 50lbs., etc.
- Leather cases and slings for rifles.
- Strong water-bottle.
- Two haversacks.
- Small butcher's knife (soft steel).
- Two or three good quality pocket knives.
- Nails (iron) for pegging out skins.
- Alum and arsenical soap (for skins).
- Six ordinary sacks.
- X Two portable candle lamps with spare glasses.

A Government Survey map of district about to shoot in.

A khud stick for marching.

One pair strong shooting boots.

A few yards of muslin.

A camp bed that can be set up easily and quickly.

Camp table, and *comfortable* chair.

Ball of twine.

Knife board and powder.

Keating's powder.

Cocoanut oil for rifles.

X Two packs of playing cards.

A penny bottle of ink and pens.

Postage stamps.

Pocket compass.

Canvas bag for money.

Small leather bag for small change.

Two or three ordinary lint bandages.

The following medicines :—

Chlorodyne.

An aperient.

Quinine.

Vaseline.

A healing ointment.

Permanganate of potash and ginger wine.

HINTS ON SHOOTING AND CAMP EQUIPMENT.

DON'T take oil or liquid fuel, only candles ; the latter are clean and portable and will not give a flavour to all your stores, as the former infallibly will. If possible, don't take your gun and rifle cases with you (for a short trip), they get ruined with constant marching, and with care the leather cases that you will get made for them are sufficient protection for your weapons.

Don't attempt hill shooting with low velocity rifles, you will lose much game thereby. Take aluminium degchies not copper ones : the former are lighter and do not require tinning.

Don't take too many clothes : two changes of every thing is sufficient. The thickest under-clothing is necessary, for sitting about in rain, etc. Take plenty of socks and handkerchiefs, and a pair of old flannels and walking shoes for evening, off days, etc. Neutral coloured neck scarves are essential, if you wear anything round the neck. Take a little heavy reading, you will find plenty of opportunities for studying it. A Bible is a most interesting historical record and will give much reading, and food for reflection.

When stalking, don't let the shikari get far in front—this is a common fault—in his eagerness to show you game : in so doing he puts up the game, then makes you hurry, and it is impossible to shoot when out of breath. You must be the first to peer over the rock, etc., always. When possible get above your game, animals as a rule look down for enemies.

Try and fire the first shot without disclosing yourself, a second shot will thus almost always be obtained: though the senses of wild animals are so acute, they have a very indifferent idea of placing sound. As a rule when stalking game, be guided by the shikari as to the actual approach; he probably knows the ground and very often the direction in which game will move when disturbed, so because another way looks easier don't be misled into taking it against his advice: it probably ends in a sheer 50 foot drop or an unclimbable cliff, and you have wasted so much time in vain.

Don't let the shikari hurry or 'rattle' you; they often get very excited at the critical moment. When sitting on a hillside with the shikari watching for game, and he suddenly sees a bear or other animal, which he knows you have not seen, train him not to lift the hand and

point to it, but just to whisper you the information without moving a muscle. This is most important and many a shot has been lost to the writer by the above fault. In their eagerness to show you the animal, and fearing perhaps you may not understand the spoken word, ninety-nine men out of a hundred will gesticulate on these occasions and will also surely disclose your position to the perhaps advancing animal, and another blank day results.

When shooting in the evening some way from camp, often it is a question. 'Is there time for that stalk.' A good rule is : make up your mind instantly, and if there is time to get to the animal in your opinion while light will last for a shot, go *without delay*: when it is doubtful your shikari will almost always try and dissuade you for some reason, but on these occasions ignore his advice and start at once : you will get many

shots in this way. If the animal has moved off, you have the consolation of having done your best at any rate, and while the return home in the dark is uncomfortable—your shikari and servants strongly dislike it, and reasonably perhaps with their bare feet—it is worth the chance. In this connection give orders that a lantern is to be sent out from camp always, in the direction in which you have gone, when you do not return by dusk.

Bear and leopard can be left until next day to skin, but other animals must either be skinned at once or covered up with heavy stones, etc., to prevent them being spoilt by predatory birds or beasts during the night or next morning. This refers of course to animals shot just at dusk.

Some knowledge of skinning animals is useful. Always superintend this. Most shikaris are fairly competent, but

details like the ears and lips of animals skinned sometimes need supervision: much can be learnt by watching the skinning process if you have no previous experience.

As an instance showing how you may have to make up your mind very quickly on occasions, latish one evening the writer was stalking a black bear feeding on a disused pasture, the track leading up a narrow gorge, when suddenly a serow jumped out of some bushes about 150 yards away high up on the other side of the ravine, and started making off across a small open space. Now the skin of a black bear in good condition makes a very nice trophy, and this was not a small one either. While a serow is a curious beast with horns perhaps 7 or 8 inches long. You may go shooting for 20 years and never even view this shy animal, much less get a shot at him. So for two

seconds there was a mental struggle which was decided in favour of a shot at the serow. It was hard to give up the bear which was in an ideal place for an easy shot and would almost certainly have been bagged, while the serow was alarmed and on the move. It is pleasant to relate that self denial was rewarded with a fine old serow, the shot being successful. This was the first and last occasion on which the writer has ever seen one of these rather rare animals. The bear, of course, some 800 yards away only, disappeared at once at the report of the rifle.

Some men having shot their animal do not even go down to where it fell or dropped, but let the shikari go down and skin it or bring the head into camp. When practicable and convenient go and examine every animal shot on the ground where it fell. Sometimes of course this is impossible as when

game falls into a torrent, etc. Carefully note where each bullet has struck, and, after skinning, if possible, trace the course of the bullet in the animal's body. This will be instructive as showing where best to place bullets, and also what animals can endure with bullets in vital places, often to an extraordinary degree. Much information will thus be gained which will always be useful.

The writer on one occasion shot a tahr under the following circumstances : the tahr was high up on the other side of the valley, it being the writer's intention to go down to the snow which formed the bed of the stream between, and approach from a flank after a climb up the other side. It was an old and venerable animal and he had been marked down two or three days previously. However after going half way down to the snow before

mentioned it became obvious that there would not be time to carry out the original idea. The sun was just setting and the tahr had seen the party coming down the exposed hillside. So it was determined to take a long and rather difficult shot from the end of a convenient spur, across the valley and up at him, the distance being a liberal 300 yards. The tahr was standing in some bushes looking down in the writer's direction, and to his surprise never moved to the first shot though the splash of the bullet was seen against a rock behind his head. To the second shot he fell like a stone, however, the bullet appearing to strike the same rock in exactly the same place as the first one. On climbing down to the bed of the stream to the snow on to which he fell, it was found that both bullets had struck him, one obliquely through the centre of the

forehead and out through the eye, and the other bullet had gone in at the ear coming out high up in the neck the other side. Surely two lucky shots, the shoulder having been aimed at as usual. The head was brought into camp in triumph, though which bullet struck *first* the writer has never been able to decide in his own mind.

The shoulder shot of course is good, though the heart itself is a small mark. A bullet near the spine from above invariably proves fatal even if quite far back. The neck shot is very deadly also.

Don't be discouraged by missing absolutely easy and 'sitting' shots. Although they don't speak of them much, every man who goes shooting experiences a number of these sad occurrences from various causes, and they are more or less inevitable.

Remember if you sit perfectly still on an open hillside even, you are fairly

invisible and game may approach you. But any sudden movement of the head or arms is at once detected even when more or less under cover. Try and avoid having men with coughs in your entourage. Such a man will always be seized with an uncontrollable paroxysm at critical moments when after game, and you will find the only advantage that will accrue to you will be a possible increase in the fluency of your maledictory vocabulary which is to be regretted.

Among your servants you will find sometimes an otherwise excellent man but one who seems unable to lower his voice to a whisper, and his nearest approach to the same is a low husky tone audible many yards away. Bear this in mind when questioning such a man in the presence of game. The writer also remembers having to 'cast' one of his coolies in Kashmir owing to

the fact that one of his knees used to make a loud clicking noise when he walked, and on one occasion the first intimation given to a black bear busy up in a mulberry tree was by this noise, and an easy shot was lost. This sounds almost incredible but is a fact, the shikari at the time joining with the writer in the general execration of the culprit.

Remember that servants take their cue from their masters. If you take evident pains to move quietly when shooting, always converse in a whisper before a shot has been fired, take special care to avoid dislodging small stones while stalking, etc., etc., they will do the same and your bag will benefit, and *vice versâ*. The best head often gets up at easy range as you extract your cartridges from your rifle, clear your throat loudly perhaps, and say to the shikari, "Well, we'll

be going home now, there's nothing about."

When sitting up for panther or leopard over a live goat or a carcass, if the beast does not come before 8-30 or 9 P.M., it is probably not coming at all until just before dawn. In the writer's opinion no panther is worth the loss of a whole night's rest, with the chance of getting drenched with rain and bitten by flies and mosquitoes, etc., so you will be wise to go to bed in this case. The same applies to sitting up for bear over buttermilk. In districts where the buffalo herdsman having extracted the cream from their milk, throw the buttermilk into a regular place every morning, and bears being very fond of this can be fairly easily shot over a pool after dusk. Remember that a panther will come straight up to a live goat or 'tie up' if he means business

and is hungry, but the same animal when returning to a kill of the night before, is exceedingly wary. Circles round two or three times, watches the carcase for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour sometimes from behind a bush, looks about, and unless you are absolutely still in your machān will hear the slightest sound or movement, sneak quietly away and never return.

If possible try and avoid shots at dangerous game on ground above you whence it can get at you. Even though fatally wounded and disabled and in a moribund condition, a bear can muster up a 50 yards charge down hill at the author of his trouble, and is absolutely irresistible in this condition. Further wounds in vital places apparently having no effect in many cases, and if he reaches you, his last dying struggle is sufficient to kill you outright or maim you horribly for life. He is an animal of enormous

strength and vitality and a raging devil when wounded and hard pressed. If you happen to be on his normal line of retreat, on being wounded he will usually make away on that line, and catching sight of you, his flight becomes a charge. Remember always if he reaches you, you are 'done for' probably, so avoid such a catastrophe.

As an illustration of the latter case, the writer on one occasion was fortunate in stopping a red bear with the second barrel at some 10 yards distance only. This was on a pasture on a hillside, and the bear wounded with the first barrel was making off down hill. But caught sight of the disturber of his peace and the shikari who were crouching in his path in the grass below him. This after a long and most difficult stalk when owing to the wind and other reasons a shot could not be taken from above.

On another occasion the writer took a 30 yards snapshot at a beast of the same species on a hillside as he disappeared in some bushes directly above him ; this after a long and arduous stalk also. This time the bear turned to the shot (which took him in the off hind), saw the cause of his sudden pain, and at once came down through the bushes in the most savage way. This is unusual, and the writer will long remember the subsequent 100 yards carrying a heavy rifle with one barrel at full cock along a very rough and rocky path with a horribly angry animal some 20 yards in rear, and being saved by a large boulder near the track which enabled him to get out of sight of the bear for a second or two, pull up and start climbing a few paces up the hillside off the track, then turning as the bear came round the boulder and also started coming up the hillside, and

firing the left barrel point blank in the beast's face. In this case the heavy bullet providentially took him on the point of the nostril, raking him fore and aft and dropped him in his tracks.

It is the custom rather to underrate the bear's general acuteness—the native name for the black bear signifies 'a fool'—but experience will show that he is a most cunning animal nowadays at any rate, and by no means to be despised by the sportsman, as soon as he (the bear not the sportsman) has got over his first spring hunger.

Markhor, ibex, tahr and the wild sheep and goats generally are fairly easy to get up to if you start early enough in the mornings so as to catch them feeding, and as mentioned before, stalk them from above. They are very difficult to stalk when lying up for the day.

It may seem hypercritical, but there is such a thing as not taking the shot until your animal is on ground where he can be easily recovered. Taking a shot at a beast perched on a projecting rock with a sheer drop perhaps of 1,000 feet or more below is rather a desperate affair, and if you *can* give him the chance to move on to more favourable ground do so.

As a rule it is hopeless trying to compete with the direction of the wind in stalking. In the hills it blows in all directions, and beyond noting the general direction of the wind at starting, and remembering the old adage about currents of air at high altitudes tending to blow certain ways in the mornings and evenings—this by the way is unreliable—you must trust to what is called luck. Generally you are more or less tied down by the configuration of the ground, and can only

approach from one way, however, the wind is blowing.

It is the writer's opinion—a heresy no doubt—that ninetenths of the cases where game moves off during a stalk are wrongly ascribed to their getting one's wind (what a charming excuse for a careless stalk!), when, as a matter of fact, one of the herd has caught sight of a hat, or the glint of the sun on a rifle, or heard a small stone dislodged, or they were on the move at the time and would have moved off anyhow in feeding. These animals possess extremely acute hearing and eyesight—it is their chief means of self-protection—and one has only to watch a herd of any of the wild sheep or goats (as the writer has done constantly, at close range with the wind blowing straight towards them from himself) to notice how all the members at various times while feeding, raise

the head and stare around at very short intervals, and you may be sure that nothing moving or in any way suspicious is overlooked.

Don't be in a hurry to take the shot when you have got within distance. A careful look round will almost always reveal an old patriarch under a rock or behind a bush, not previously seen when the herd was first sighted. When game is suspected the other side of a ridge, on your arrival there do the most approved red Indian crawl, raising the head an inch at a time and peering cautiously over. This may sound an excessive precaution, but it will save you many a blank day. Wait under cover and 'get your wind' before taking the shot; after a long detour up hill or over bad ground you will not do your rifle justice with a pulse of 120 to the minute.

You will sometimes notice if you are shooting in the same locality for a few

days, that game when disturbed frequently makes off in the same direction along certain well defined paths, round such and such a spur, over a certain 'nek' in the ridge, and so on. Now it is contrary to etiquette (it is also generally impossible !) to drive your game in the hills, but when the ground permits, which is very seldom, it is quite permissible for you to take up a position with a rifle commanding such a line of retreat as described above, and send perhaps a couple of men round to start the game in your direction. It is even then a good shade of odds that the animals don't come your way for various reasons, but if you can catch them unawares in this way, they are completely confused and bewildered and you can take your pick of the herd. After all it is merely pitting your wits against theirs, and they so often have the laugh

against you, so to speak, that it is rather comforting to have it the other way sometimes.

Many men wear 'shorts' for shooting in: their advantage is that the knee is more or less free in climbing. Their disadvantages are, that when it is fine your knees are severely burnt by the sun until you are acclimatised. You feel the cold and rain infinitely more in bad weather. A large field for flies and insect torments is always available, and the discomfort of bare knees is often great in stalking over bad ground with perhaps thistles and nettles to contend with. Ordinary knickerbockers very loose at the knee are all that will be required. The writer has tried both methods and can speak with feeling on the subject.

Every man who goes shooting in the hills fancies himself probably more or less as a cook. You should have and

be able to apply a few ordinary recipes for baking, know how to roast and boil meat, potatoes, and vegetables, deal generally with eggs, and at a pinch make scones or bread. You may have to do all these in an emergency, such as your servant going sick, or your being away for a few days in light marching order, so it is important to be independent of culinary aid.

Don't try and be too Spartan in your arrangements for living. The writer has met men shooting with one little single fly bivouac tent for themselves, valise on the ground to sleep on, no chair, table, or bath, and of course nothing for their servants; while he once met a gallant officer whose entire kit consisted of two brown blankets and a waterproof sheet. Apparently he had no tents or stores but was 'living on the country,' *i.e.*, country flour and

what vegetables could be procured. He lived under sloping rocks and in holes in the ground, and was dependent on the weather for his comfort entirely. When he wanted a bath, a hole in the ground with the waterproof sheet in it sufficed, and so on. By doing all this he saved a little money, but cannot have many pleasant memories of his trip.

As nearly every book on shooting reiterates, there are so many occasions when you may have to be uncomfortable, go short of food, spend nights away from your tents, etc., etc., that it is foolish to make your trip one long sequence of such discomforts in the erroneous idea of economy. Everyone has or can borrow tents, everyone has a camp bed, table and chair and portable bath, why not bring them along and enjoy them: it is surely what you purchased them for.

You must have three tents for comfort: a double fly for yourself, a good large single fly for your servant and stores (remember that in wet weather he will have to have his fireplaces and cook inside the tent), and a third small tent for the shikari and permanent coolies: some of these latter can also use the big servant's tent of course. See that your servant's tent is comfortable and rain-proof in your own interests, if not in his.

Usually when shooting in the Himalayas in the spring and summer, the local game birds are rightly protected, it being their breeding season. No harm, however, can be done by shooting an occasional bird coming over your tents so long as you don't arrange a battue: they are excellent eating and form a welcome change in the dietary, and the writer would like to meet a man who has not thus shot his bird on occasions, in spite of all that is said.

Another heresy of the writer's is the advocacy of the long and apparently hopeless shot at game, when a near shot is impossible, or perhaps having missed the shot in the first instance, and the animal is making off. On the steep ground inhabited by these animals, and when they are making off in alarm, a bullet anywhere in the leg or foot even will generally cause the animal to lose his footing and perhaps take a terrible fall of some hundreds of feet, the fall killing him if the bullet does not, so the usual fear of letting animals get away wounded to die by slow degrees need not unduly obsess you : you are out to shoot them, why not take every reasonable chance you get. By this, indiscriminate "blazing" at a herd is not of course advocated, but with judgment and discrimination the long and apparently hopeless shot quite often results in gathering the animal, and has done

so in the writer's experience a number of times.

In this connection the writer once had the extremely unusual experience in the hills of killing two animals with one cartridge. It was a longish shot with a .275 Rigby Mauser with the 300 yards sight up, and the two tahr were making off up a very steep rocky 'face,' the first shot having been a miss: the next shot took the leader in the shoulder and he fell backwards absolutely on to the horns of his comrade some 20 yards below him, and the latter being unable to withstand the impact of such a weight, lost his footing, and they both crashed down on to the snow some two hundred feet below, neither ever moving again. The writer has the photograph before him of the two animals on the snow as they fell, and a very curious sight it was.

Apropos of this, there is perhaps nothing quite to equal the feeling of fascination, sometimes almost awe, with which one watches game falling before one to a successful shot, if the fall is a long one; at least in the writer's experience. First there is the intense feeling of relief and satisfaction—you may have been toiling for days for this one shot—as the animal acknowledges the bullet, and making a last gallant effort to keep his footing, falls perhaps a sheer 300 feet, the body turning slowly over in falling until temporarily checked by a projecting rock, striking this with a hollow crash that involuntarily fills you with pity for the fine animal being destroyed before your eyes, and you sometimes wonder if your position with the beast were reversed, how the ethics of it would appeal to you, then as the body continues its fall, comes anxiety for the trophy, with

the inward hope—almost a prayer sometimes—that the fall may be arrested by that pine or that small clump of bushes, the clatter of the accompanying small avalanche of stones, your shikari's exclamations, the final crash on to the snow perhaps, and then—silence. But we digress.

If you take a camera with you take it on every occasion you go out with the rifle : views of hill scenery, strange looking natives, etc., can be procured anywhere and be taken by any one. But photographs such as a panther stretched beside a kill, an ibex as he fell to the bullet, a brown or black bear in the final episode of his life, or a tahr or gooral even in the abandon of sudden death are rare and instructive, and interesting for all to glance at. While to the author of them they are of exceeding charm, with all their memories of how the first crumpled up to the bullet,

how that shale slope nearly betrayed you during the stalk of the second, the difficult approach and the pleasant feeling of final success in the next, and that very awkward bit of ground during the stalk of the last. Memories all that will live for many a long day, and for which you will keep a warm corner in your heart perhaps, 'forty years on.' So have the camera handy (a strong leather case is necessary of course), and available at all times.

Sometimes you will hit an animal hard, and it is evident that he is badly wounded, but owing to darkness coming on or other causes he gets away at the time. If a good head, it is worth while taking some trouble to recover it, so remember that an animal in this condition gets into the most difficult and dangerous place he can reach (feeling his own helplessness) and as high as possible, where he will probably die.

Get on to his track—*i.e.*, where you saw him last—as early as possible the next day and carefully scan all such places with the glasses, keeping a bright look-out for tell-tale crows or vultures circling about, for it is through these latter that you will generally discover his whereabouts first, and if he has not gone too far you are quite likely to recover the head.

It is worth remembering that crows will often mob a badly wounded animal and so give his position away, it is also worth remembering that a few vultures will completely dispose of an ibex or other game in *two hours* or less, so don't waste time when following up in these cases.

The effect of a bullet on an animal, while varying of course as to where it strikes on the body, will generally give you an indication as to its point of impact. A bullet anywhere in the head or neck drops the animal at once of course, also

a bullet touching the spine. A bullet in the abdominal regions, to which the animal always winces in a peculiar and well recognised way, will rarely enable you to gather him, as all wild animals can go miles with large portions of their interior economy badly deranged, and seem none the worse for it at the time, though death will eventually supervene of course. While a fractured hip will prevent an animal from going up hill he will go surprisingly well on the level and down hill. Lastly, there is that convulsive shudder and wild plunge forward showing the heart or lungs shot, and which though indescribable is unmistakable.

As a rule in heavy rain animals 'sit tight' under cover and do not show up much; therefore you can do the same when caught out on a hillside in wet weather, without fear of losing any shooting, returning to your post of

vantage at once on the cessation of the shower. However don't be afraid of getting wet if necessary: you will find that living under the more or less natural conditions of camp life, you can commit with impunity such indiscretions as sitting for hours wet to the skin and chilled by a cold wind, and bivouacking with your blankets on a snow slope in all weathers, etc., etc., which indiscretions would probably be the cause of illness under the more artificial conditions of ordinary life, but which can be completely neutralized in camp by, say, 10 grains of quinine and a hot bath on return to your tents.

The writer, though frequently a martyr to what are vulgarly called "colds in the head," etc., in ordinary life, has never yet on any occasion thus suffered while shooting in the hills or elsewhere during the last ten years, though he has been in wet

clothes and without tents sometimes for days, slept in wet blankets, and endured conditions most favourable to the contraction of catarrhal affections, and it should be added he has no pretensions to being specially robust in health, but rather the contrary.

With regard to the commissariat, perhaps you have shot some animal whose flesh is good for the larder, and you have a lot of meat which won't keep raw, and have no means of cooking it with the limited culinary weapons at your disposal.

Roast the body whole in the following way. Cut off the head and the legs below the hocks and knees—*i.e.*, at these joints—leaving the skin on entire, but gralloching the animal, or clearing the abdominal cavity thoroughly. Dig a hole in the ground, build a hot fire in it and when red hot throw on green grass or any substitute and at

once place the animal on the green grass : green grass again over the animal, then an inch or two of earth, and lastly, a good fire on top of all. The meat will be perfectly cooked in six or seven hours.

It can be cooked also at night in this way, being put in the hole at, say 10 P.M., and leaving all night, then take out the first thing in the morning. This method is no trouble, does not want watching, and you have your meat excellently cooked with all the juices in it. A smaller piece can be cooked in the same way of course, but the skin must be left on. The writer on one occasion when shooting with a companion, semi-cured a red bear's ham and had it cooked. The curing was of rather a primitive kind owing to transport difficulties, etc., but the meat, though rather coarse, was quite eatable in sandwiches with plenty of pepper and

salt, and with proper attention would be quite palatable in the absence of anything else.

As a general rule the wild sheep are good for the larder, while the wild goats are not, being too strongly flavoured. The smaller antelope such as the Himalayan chamois (gooral) or gazelle are always excellent eating, and as a rule most delicately flavoured.

About weapons, you should have one heavy rifle with which you can stand up to any kind of dangerous game (charging perhaps) with confidence in its smashing power. Also a high velocity smaller calibre rifle with no alteration of sight up to 300 or 400 yards at least for antelope : a shot gun is useful sometimes, but not a necessity, and the writer has met a man, who had spent many seasons in hill shooting and whose experiences were many and varied, who carried also a very small bore pea rifle

for odd shots at chicor, or when on the march, for shots at anything that turned up. Just to enliven the monotony of trudging along, or for use in camp on off days, but this of course is rather a luxury in a small way.

It is imagined in these enlightened days that such a problem as setting one's watch by the sun will not bother any one, but in case it has slipped one's memory, ascertain the direction of the North Point with your pocket compass, or if you have no compass by the stars at night (the Great Bear in conjunction with the Pole Star), and align two straight sticks in the ground in an *upright* position in this direction. When the shadow of one stick lies exactly on or in the direction of the other stick, *i.e.*, points to North, the sun is at his zenith and you can set your watch to 12 o'clock. This is mentioned as one's watch occasionally stops,

and it is useful to have approximately correct time on you. The writer will not further insult the sportsman's intelligence by describing the converse method of finding the direction of N. with a watch and the sun.

Take a 'board of trade' allowance of cartridges always, especially for your light rifle: it is a dreadful thing to run short as you will probably never procure any more that trip, owing to the formalities that obtain (1912) *re* cartridges entering Native States.

Coloured glasses for the snow may be useful, but the terrors of snow blindness are greatly exaggerated.

In ordinary cases a slight headache after traversing a snowy pass is the worst that will befall you. Similarly the great difficulties of breathing at high altitudes, and 'mountain sickness,' the author relegates to tourists in the Alps or elsewhere. The author has person-

ally experienced a height of 18,000 feet over snow passes on two occasions, and many times 15,000 and 16,000 feet. Of course it is a little more difficult to exert yourself without getting unduly 'winded' at these heights, but if you are in ordinary good health the usual altitudes at which you will find yourself after any kind of game at any time of the year, need not worry you.

It is a good thing to make your shikari come to your tent every evening, before or after his evening meal as he prefers, to settle on the next day's shoot: it may want some arrangement, and a clear understanding beforehand is highly desirable. This latter you probably will not have if you leave arrangements always until starting time, which will possibly be in the dark hour before dawn, when intellects are apt to benumb. It is not a bad thing sometimes to go and sit down with your

shikari and coolies at their fire (except when they are eating of course which would be most annoying to them), and discuss the past day's sport or to-morrow's proposed shoot.

You will hear many quaint and perhaps useful things which they would never mention otherwise ; also they like it when done wisely.

Remember that the information received from a villager or herdsman on arrival at a nullah, if interrogated intelligently, is generally trustworthy, even though diametrically opposed to what you have heard or read in a book perhaps describing that very nullah itself. The obvious reason being of course that the villager's information is a few days old against the few years old information of the other.

There are two ways of getting information from a villager or shepherd : if, as many men do, you have him

haled up in front of you with everyone looking on, and a general feeling of a magisterial inquiry in the air (an atmosphere peculiarly blighting to the village coolie), and demand from him abruptly what there is to shoot in the nullah, when was the last kill by a panther, where are the ibex just now, and on what pastures are bear to be seen daily, you will get the usual formula or its modified equivalent "I am a poor man and know nothing of these matters," or else he will say just what he thinks you would like to hear.

With such a man pursue the following course: take no notice of him at first, this will impress him and he will go and sit down probably with your servants and begin to talk, and resumes his normal mental state in which you would not have found him if you had pounced on him right away with your questions. Then saunter up carelessly

—if he stands up make him sit again, and sit yourself (Mr. Rudyard Kipling—and who should know better—remarks, “you will get nothing out of the East at attention,” and verily this is so),—and by the usual circumlocutory aids, such as asking him his name and his village, what work he is doing at the present time, how much rain there has been lately, how the potatoes are doing, etc., etc., work round to the nullah and what wild animals are to be seen there in the mornings and evenings, when and where seen last and so on, and you will get reliable information every time, but you must not hurry it. All this may sound very farcical, but it really is necessary. Even if you can only speak a few words of the language, it will suffice if you adopt this method, as he will see that it is your intention to put him at his ease. However as a rule your shikari does all this

for you or has the information before, so it will only be on rare occasions in his absence, that you may have to make investigations yourself.

When shooting, start out in the mornings always about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour before sunrise, *i.e.*, at the earliest glimmer of dawn, or even in the dark if you have far to go, so that you may get to the ground just as the first rays of the rising sun touch the highest hills; you get the cream of shooting in this way.

Remember that "labor omnia vincit" applies very much to hill shooting, and if you persevere at a place the certainty of your getting game or a close shot at it equals the certainty of 'death or quarter day' so to speak. Fortune often frowns for a week or ten days or even a month, but she smiles and approves your efforts at the last and gives you your desire, *if you persevere*. Try every

possible place and try them methodically, *i.e.*, after firing in one direction or ravine one evening, give that place a rest for a day or two (this does not apply to bear which being very migratory may be seen anywhere).

Never be discouraged and above all if feeling that way, don't let your shikari or servants notice it; they will slack off in a most extraordinary way, if you show evidences of getting tired of going out after game, while on the other hand if you invariably show keenness they too will be "as keen as mustard." The temper of the shoot takes its tone from you, and the best shikari in Asia will be demoralised by a slack and lazy master. Know your own mind always, and once you know the 'venues,' make the shikari ask you where *you* wish to go to-morrow and assume the direction of affairs yourself. Don't be 'bear led' always, deferring of course to his counsel according

to your judgment as to his knowledge of the locality and the game there.

Among the list of useful articles given at the commencement, is a penny bottle of ink. A number of men seem to think that because they are out shooting, all the small amenities of life can be discarded. They write their letters—long letters sometimes, detailing their various experiences—in pencil, on the commonest note paper, which they would not even look at for writing purposes ordinarily. And the unfortunate recipient is expected to closely peruse a blurred indistinct narrative, illegible in parts, for this is certainly how it will arrive, and then are surprised that great interest is not shown in their doings, really interesting though they may be. Be considerate, write in ink on decent white note paper and people may enjoy reading your letters.

The same remark as to the amenities applies to the table cloths and napkins for your meals : these, they can be of the cheapest material, cost nothing and weigh nothing, and add greatly to your feeling of comfort and self respect.

The muslin is very useful to make bags from in which to hang up your meat which you wish to keep for a day or two (it can get fly-blown in a few minutes otherwise), and is also useful to tuck round your head at night in districts where sandflies and mosquitoes abound.

It is stated to be contrary to etiquette to beat your game, but a lot of amusement may be got occasionally by beating out patches of jungle for black bear and leopard. The former is generally reluctant to come out, and a noisy beat is necessary with good stops, and eventually he appears at top speed—and he can travel at a tremendous pace—as a

rule, and wants a steady shot. The feline, on the otherhand, generally sneaks out, and you must keep very still with the rifle and not move your head about, etc., or you will be observed. You can very often tell by the scolding of small birds when a leopard is on the move in a beat, for they will follow him most persistently as he crawls from bush to bush until he emerges. Forty or fifty beaters will be required at the least, and there are few places of course where you can raise such a large number at short notice.

Keep a diary of some sort, however rough and sketchy: it is useful for reference at the time as a calendar, and interesting to read afterwards, making you wonder sometimes "how could I have written so inanely!"

Don't take a chair without some sort of arm rests; at all times, and especially when you are tired, they make all the

difference between comfort and uneasiness. It may seem superfluous including such things as a camp bed, table, and chair in a list of things you will want, but the writer has met so many men in camp without these—to his mind—absolute necessities, that he feels constrained to mention them in the list. Inexperience says perhaps, I will take my camp bed, but what is the use of a chair or table; I can sit on the bed all right, and it will also do for a table when necessary. There is no greater mistake, and a few days of this régime will convince you of its inherent discomfort. As for those men who go without a camp bed even, against the advice of their friends, thinking that as they have, perhaps, slept on the ground before, they can do so again—yes, slept on the ground for one night probably, in ideal weather, and therefore they are going to take on the same contract for three

months in all weathers,—these individuals rather deserve all the troubles that are coming to them.

The writer has also seen khaki coloured pocket handkerchiefs in use, showing excessive zeal, and a determination not to disclose one's position to wary animals by carrying a white one—and waving it about presumably while stalking them! Go for the amenities again and be true to your ordinary soft white pocket handkerchiefs; it is a question of comfort of course, but anyone who cannot trust himself not to openly display a white pocket handkerchief when stalking game, should not go shooting in the hills but keep to his favourite hill station when taking leave. This is not said in any spirit of impatience, but one cannot help thinking how very easy it is not to alarm animals by the unnecessary display of white linen when stalking them.

There is one subject which is rather a delicate one : because you have been so fortunate in taking leave and shooting in Kashmir or elsewhere, and having had a very good time indeed, do not on your return be always inflicting your friends with a narrative of your travels and what you succeeded in shooting. There is nothing so intensely boring as to hear technical descriptions of localities one has never been to and perhaps never will, with long explanations, plentifully interlarded with words in the dialect, of how this or that animal was bagged, or of the peculiar difficulties of such and such a snowy pass, and how it was surmounted, etc., etc. Some men again are perfectly quiet and harmless until some one happens to mention say "the Zōgi Lā Pass : " this releases the secret spring of their own reminiscences, and once they start these, your only refuge is to leave their immediate neighbourhood

if feasible. It is a deadly fault and you will get the reputation of being a shooting bore or maniac, which is not pleasant. It is quite a different thing "spinning a yarn" with some one who has been to the same district perhaps as yourself, and comparing notes with him between yourselves, or even occasionally mentioning some incident of general interest at the table or elsewhere, but don't harp on it. Somehow or other the man who has not been shooting himself, inwardly and half unconsciously, resents your implied superiority and prowess by the unasked relation of your shooting experiences, and this is very evident to anyone with normally acute perceptions. After all there is no getting away from it, self-conceit—and nothing else but self-conceit—is the cause of the evil, and everybody really knows this and appreciates you accordingly, so don't give way to

the inclination, strong as it may be sometimes.

The writer has heard of unscrupulous sportsmen who go shooting, having obtained the necessary license to shoot so many of each kind of animal, and who consider that so long as they only bring back the number of heads specified in the license, it is quite immaterial how many they shoot out in the nullahs. Injudicious shots at small heads which result in the latter being buried or thrown away on recovery and cause the sportsman to erase the incident from his memory and start again, are highly immoral and bad for sport of course, and this course of action has a most demoralising effect on shikaris and natives with you, and after all is not "cricket." It is selfish also, as if it comes to official cognisance there is no punishment for you who will probably be back in your own station by the time your

crimes are discovered, but the onus of the case falls on your unfortunate shikari who was with you at the time, and much to his temporal detriment. The author recollects a case in which a sportsman, perhaps acting wrongly on the shikari's initiative, invaded a sanctuary, *i.e.*, a nullah in which all shooting is forbidden by authority for a period of years, and shot an exceedingly fine head, and went back eventually to his own station. The fact was discovered somehow—if a shikari has enemies, as all successful ones have, occurrences like these are apt to leak out—and the latter was fined a very large sum of money indeed, equivalent to nearly four months' wages, and his license to take sportsmen shooting was permanently cancelled, he being thus deprived of his acquired means of living.

The first season the writer went shooting in Kashmir, he allowed himself to

be persuaded by the shikari (very little persuasion was necessary it is feared), took great trouble and invaded a closed nullah over a difficult snow pass after ibex : got down the other side of the pass, and found the dry old ashes of the camp fires of another poacher who had come in by a different route, and had gone up the nullah just ahead of him ! It was a reflective and disgusted individual who retraced his steps back over the snowy pass again to lawful territory, where, by the way, as a consolation he shot two ibex the next day.

Make little concessions to your shikari and servants occasionally. For instance, if you have had a very fortunate day and done well, give them a sheep or goat, if procurable, nominally to sacrifice as a thank-offering to their local deity, but actually for their commissariat of course—this is only occasionally remember. A little tea and sugar, if you

can spare them, are highly appreciated at intervals.

Remember that they will expect you to treat and cure any small illnesses with which they may be afflicted at any time, so if you dislike treating their cuts and bruises try and conceal this feeling. The whole secret of success in shooting lies in being in thorough accord with your shikari and servants: they are human like yourself, and very often exceedingly fine men, and there is no better way by which you can insinuate yourself into their usual reticence and reserve than by successfully alleviating their minor aches and pains even of the simplest description. If your camp is near a village the opportunity is generally accepted by any ailing inhabitant, and the writer has had cases of both sexes come to him for relief ranging from congenital hernia down to quite unmentionable

diseases, in which he has cheerfully given away some simple aperient or the reverse, or a common antiseptic, which are received with the utmost good faith and gratitude ; and you can never tell but that after many days, the bread so cast upon the waters may return in the shape of valuable information, etc. So take a good supply of the common medicines mentioned above.

A peculiar but very cruel method of snaring small game such as snow foxes, pine martens, etc., which animals have very fine and valuable felts, consists in throwing out in the evenings round the camp small pieces of meat attached to large hooks and lines of moderate length. The hooks becoming entangled in their jaws, the animals are hauled in and secured. The author has never seen this method attempted, but knows of cases where it has been practised and the animals thus secured.

Very welcome additions to your menu in the form of wild fruits and vegetables can be procured in some districts near your camp, but you will not get them as a rule unless you ask for them, as although they will eat and enjoy them themselves, your servants generally assume that you do not care for such extras. Under this heading may be included, wild strawberries, apricots, peaches and raspberries, onions, spinach, rhubarb, etc., so keep your eyes open for any of these when shooting or marching. The leaves of the common stinging nettle make quite a good spinach it should be remembered. Always find out what can be procured in a village when your camp happens to be in or near one : Indian-corn, pumpkins, cucumbers, honey, walnuts, etc., are all excellent in season, and are to be obtained practically gratis.

A last word about the drying and curing of your skins and heads. The author wonders how many of these he has seen ruined and worthless as trophies for the want of a few common precautions. Peg skins out evenly and fairly: as they are pegged out so they will dry and forever retain that shape, and to the orderly eye a skin stretched all out of proportion and askew is a distressing sight. Have two or three men rubbing the alum in hard with flat stones, etc., rub arsenical soap into the claws, aural cavities, lips and eyes (having first treated these parts with alum of course). See that the skin is dry everywhere before you take it up, especially in wet weather. The writer recalls a period of $3\frac{1}{2}$ days' incessant rain day and night, spent drying a red bear's skin stretched under a rough shelter of a few planks with water-proof sheets, etc., on top, and a circle of ten or twelve

small fires kept burning unceasingly on the ground all round the skin. Having made rather particular exertions to secure this animal, the writer thought it was worth the trouble and delay to dry the skin properly, and succeeded in preserving a good trophy in spite of the weather.

All shikaries like to boil the skulls of the animals you shoot, to loosen the horns, and to get all particles of flesh away from the bone. Too much boiling softens and is detrimental to the bony core of the horns, while the sutures of the skull are weakened, the bone, after the lapse of a few months, splitting at these places, and the teeth also cracking, so keep an eye on this process and don't overdo it: six or seven hours is ample as a rule.

The ordinary strong sack is the best 'envelope' for skins, etc., when sending

down country for curing, and write your name and address on the label always.

Most men have their pet taxidermist, and there are many good and still more bad ones. Don't let the local native cure your skins of course, but send to some reputable firm. Having dealt with the Superintendent, Sappers and Miners Workshops, Roorkee, for some years, the author can recommend them for curing and mounting skins, but you cannot get heads 'set up' as in nature there. However, the prices are exceedingly cheap and you have the guarantee of a Government workshop. This subject is worthy of some consideration if you wish your trophies to last for more than a year or two.

Finally there is the question of shooting by yourself or going with a companion. If you want company, and very pleasant it is to be able to talk

